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The Mother's Grave.

"Father, awake—the storm is loud,
The rain is falling fast;
Let me go to my mother's grave,
And screen it from the blast.
She cannot sleep—she will not rest—
The wind is roaring so;
We prayed that she might lie in peace—
My father, let us go."

Thy mother sleeps too firm a sleep
To heed the wind that blows;
There angel-harms that hush the noise
From reaching her repose.
Her spirit, in dreams of the blessed land,
Is sitting at Jesus' feet;
Child, nestle thee in mine arms and pray
Our rest may be as sweet."

Our Litany.

From all bores, back biters, inquisitive people, tell-tales, and hollow-hearted evil-doers, deliver us.

From long-winded, prosy essays, harangues and hail storms, from high winds of adversity and rich relations, deliver us.

From whimsical wives, pet dogs and fashionable daughters and 100 dollar shawls, deliver us.

From other people's babies and their mint stick, from harangues about smart children and their capers, deliver us.

From rhematism and lumbago, quack doctors, drugs, pills and potations, deliver us.

From smoky shimneys, scolding wives and washdays, deliver us.

From amateur poets and love sonnets, dancing-masters and fish-hooks, deliver us.

From bogus money, delinquent subscribers and protested notes, deliver us.

From horse-jockeys, Yankee-pedlers, street brokers and undertakers, deliver us.

From all king-craft, witch-craft and priest-craft, 'Good Lord,' deliver us.

SIGNIFICATION OF 'ERIE.'—The question is often asked 'why so many storms and disasters upon Lake Erie? Why the difference between that and the other Lakes of the United States and British America?' It is said to be caused by the extreme shallownes of its water, which are more easily disturbed than the waters of its neighbors. Hence the name 'Erie,' and Indian name signifying 'mad,' 'the mad lake.' This name, like all Indian proper names, is very significant of the boisterous charater of Lake Erie.

A CURE FOR SCRATCHES ON HORSES.—Take white or red lead, mix it with oil, and rub it a few times on the part diseased, and a cure will be effected. The scurf should be washed off clean every day with warm soap suds, and the lead thoroughly rubbed in. A couple of spoonfulls of sulpher given to the horse twice a week, will be of service to him.—I have found this to cure when everything else failed. So says W. N. Chatterton, of Beekmantown, N. Y. in the *Genesee Farmer*.

ANECDOTE FOR PARENTS.—In the Ladies' Repository for April, is the following anecdote, which the editor heard related in a family circle a few evenings since:

"A brother just returned from California was present in a congregation of brother Owen, when a babe in the arms of its mother began to cry. A thing so unusual in California, attracted not a little attention, and the mother rose to retire. "Don't leave," said the preacher, "the sound of that babe's voice is more interesting to many in the congregation, than that of my own. It is, perhaps, the sweetest music many a man has heard since, long time ago, he took leave of his distant home." The effect was instantaneous and powerful, and a large portion of the congregation melted into tears!"

☞ An old ballad thus gives the geneology of snow:—

'My father was the North Wind,
My mother's name was Water;
Parson Winter married them,
And I'm the hopeful daughter.'

The Wife's Forethought.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Anson Kimball had been married about a month. His business was at tin-making, and he had a shop of his own, and his whole stock was paid for, so he felt quite independent, the future looking all clear and bright. His wife was one of those mild, loving creatures that hang fondly upon the interests and affections of the husband, and whose soul may sink or swim with the fortunes of the being it has chosen for a partner.

One evening the young couple were sitting in their comfortable apartment, the husband engaged in reading, the wife working busily with her needle.

'I must be up early to-morrow morning, Linnie, for our party starts shortly after sunrise," said Anson, as he laid down his paper and leaned back in his chair.

"Then you are going, are you?" remarked Linnie. There was just enough of regret in her tone to render her voice less lively than usual, but it must have been a very keen observer that could have noticed it.

"Oh, to be sure," returned the young man, in a gay, laughing tone. "You know the hands in the old shop go on this salt water fishing excursion every year, and of course I must go with them. We can't take our ladies with us on such a trip, but you shall have a good time to make up for it."

"You must not think, Anson, that I envy you the pleasure you anticipate, for I am sure nothing can give me more satisfaction than to know that you are enjoying yourself."

"I believe you, Linnie; and I assure you I shall enjoy myself on this trip exceedingly. So you will be happy too, eh!"

"Certainly," returned the young wife; but the word seemed spoken reluctantly.

"Come, come Linnie, you don't speak as you feel. Now, you don't want me to go," said Anson, with a tinge of disappointment in his tone.

"If you think it would be for your good to go, of course I should want you to."

"And how can it be otherwise?"

"You won't be offended, Anson, if I tell you?"

"Poh, what an idea. I be offended at you? Come, tell me your thoughts."

"As the young man spoke, he moved his chair to the side of his wife and put his arms about her neck.

"Well," returned Linnie, in an earnest but yet pleasant tone, "I was thinking of the expense."

"Ha, ha, ha—the *expense*. Why, it won't be over five dollars at the farthest."

"But five dollars are considerable.—You know we are young yet, and all we have is the house we live in, and your small shop."

"And is not that enough? How many of my young friends are there who are even so well off as that?"

"I know that you are fortunate, Anson; but yet none are beyond the reach of misfortune. For a few years we had better live as economically as possible with consistent enjoyment."

"So I intend to: but what is five dollars to the amount I shall be able to lay up in a year?"

"Why it will make that amount eight or ten dollars short."

"That's strange logic, Linnie."

"Not at all, Anson. You will spend five dollars in money, and lose the time of two working days."

"So I shall; but I tell you, Linnie, I'll work enough harder to pay for it when I get back. So, I may, go, mayn't I?"

"Of course you may," returned Linnie with a smile; but I suppose I shall have to go without a little sum I had wanted."

"How much was it?"

"Five dollars."

"O, you can have that, of course, and more too, if you want it."

"That will be enough."

Anson Kimball took out his wallet and handed his wife out a five dollar bill and the conversation turned upon other and various matters.

Anson Kimball was like thousands of others who are situated in like circumstances.

With a free and open heart he marked out his future for a field of enjoyment, without taking care to make much preparation for the storms he might be likely to meet on the way. And then again, like others, he mistook the character of life's real enjoyment. He lost sight of the higher and more noble sources of happiness, and dwelt too much in the satisfaction of the physical appetites. True, he enjoyed himself, and kept clear of all extremes, but yet he failed to see that his enjoyments were nearly all ephemeral—that he was laying up little or nothing for time to come.

A year passed away, and the annual fishing excursion came in course along.

"Well, Linnie," said the young man, "to-morrow the boys go down the harbor, and I am going with them. Of course you have objections?"

"No," returned the wife, in her usual pleasant tone, "if you can afford it."

"O, there's no trouble about that."

"Don't you remember the conversation we had a year ago on this same subject?" asked Linnie.

"Yes, I remember you talked then about saving money, but we ain't any poorer now than we should have been if I had staid at home."

"But tell me, Anson, have you laid up as much during the past year as you expected to?"

"Why, as for that matter, I haven't laid up much of anything. The fact is, Linnie, you have drawn rather harder on me than I expected."

"But I haven't spent any more money for trivial affairs and amusements than you have, Anson, and I don't think I have so much."

"I didn't mean to blame you, my dear. I only mentioned the circumstance to explain why I hadn't laid up anything.—But never mind, there's time enough yet, and besides, we've enjoyed ourselves. I think after this fishing excursion is over, however, I shall begin to dock my expenses a little, for I must lay up a little something the next year."

"We certainly have every chance to save money," returned Linnie, "for the shop and house are ours without rent and we are free from debt."

Anson Kimball started at that last remark, and turned his face toward the window, but his wife did not appear to notice his emotion.

"You know, Anson," continued Mrs. Kimball, "that you promised me I should have five dollars when you went on another excursion, and I shall certainly hold you to that promise."

"Of course that's fair," returned the young man, "but do you need it now?"

"Yes."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"You won't be offended?"

"No."

"Then, to tell you the truth, I owe a little sum."

The young man looked earnestly at his wife, and though he evidently wished to say something about her running in debt, yet, for reasons best known to himself, he kept quiet, and handed over the five dollars.

Anson joined his old shop-mates on other excursion, and when he returned he thought some about beginning to cut off some of his unnecessary expenses, but he introduced no new system of operations. Two or three times did he refrain from indulging some petty appetite, but he soon settled back into the old track, and the small bits of money slipped away as fast as ever.

"Three years had passed away since the young couple were married, and few could have wished for more social comfort than they had enjoyed during the greater part of that time. For a month or two, however, the young man had been gradually growing more sober and thoughtful, until at length he had become really sad and down-hearted—His wife endeavored to cheer him up, though she was unable to learn the cause of his dejection.

One evening, just before dusk, Linnie saw two men pass her window and enter her husband's shop. One of them she knew to be the Sheriff, and the circumstance troubled her not a little. She waited half an hour for her husband to come to supper, but he did not appear, and her sufferings began to be acute. A thousand conjectures flitted through her mind, but they brought her no consolation, and at length she determined to go to the shop door and see if she could not over-hear something of what was passing, feeling that such a course would at least be pardonable.

Linnie stole out from the front door and went towards the shop. She placed her ear to the key-hole and listened, but she could only hear an indistinct hum of of voices, among which was that of her husband. The latter was evidently supplicating, for his tones were earnest and impassioned. Soon there was a movement of feet towards the door, and Linnie hastened back to the house, and ere long her husband entered. He looked pale and troubled, and with a nervous movement of his face, as though he would have concealed the grief that bore him down, he took his seat at the table.

Poor Linnie watched her companion with an anxiety almost agonizing, but she spoke not a word until after Anson had sat back from the table. The food remained almost untouched upon his plate when he moved away, and he would have left the house had not his wife stopped him.

"Husband," said she, in a soft, gentle tone, at the same time laying her hand upon his arm and gazing imploringly into his face, "what is it that troubles you?"

"Nothing, Linnie," half fretfully returned he, as he made a motion as if to remove his wife's hand from his arm.

"There is *something*, Anson—I know there is. Come, do not keep it from me."

"There is nothing that you need know."

"But a wife need know all that can affect her husband thus. What is it, Anson?"

"It is nothing but my own business, and a wife need not know all that."

This answer was harsh, and the tears gushing to Linnie's eyes.

"My dear husband," she said in tender accents, "to whom, O, to whom, should you tell your sorrows if not to her who loves you better than life itself?"

"Forgive me, forgive me, Linnie—I meant not to wound your feelings. I am very miserable and hardly knew what I said."

"Then tell me all. Come sit down in my easy chair, for your brow is hot and feverish. There now tell me."

After the young man had taken the proffered seat he gazed for a moment into the face of his wife, and a look of deep anguish rested upon his features.

"Linnie," he said, "I may as well tell you all, but you must not chide me, nor must you despond, for all is not so dark as might be. I am deeply in debt, and to-morrow my shop and all that it contains, will be advertised by the sheriff for sale."

"In debt," murmured the wife.

"Yes. During the last two years I have been purchasing stock on credit, and paying for it as it has been convenient.—At first it seemed an easy way of doing, but it has proved fatal; for when I received the pay for my goods, I forgot, or at least did not sufficiently heed, that all that money was not mine. I forgot that more than half of all the money I received belonged to the men of whom I had purchased stock. Two notes fell due day before yesterday. The man to whom I gave them sold them in the way of business to a western firm, and now they must be paid. To-morrow, an officer will be placed in my shop, and nearly everything will have to be sold. It is not the loss of my stock and tools that I care so much about, for I have health and strength and I can earn more, but it is the disgrace of the thing. To think that I should fall like this, me—a healthy, stout, good mechanic."

"How much do you owe?" asked Linnie, in a trembling voice.

"Both notes amount to four hundred dollars."

"And haven't you any part of it?"

"Only about fifty dollars that I can collect readily."

"And if these two notes were paid, you would be safe?"

"Yes."

"Then, thank God, you will not suffer!" exclaimed Linnie. And overcome by her feelings, she sank upon her husband's neck, and burst into tears.

"Linnie, Linnie," cried the young man, "what do you mean?"

"Wait a moment, my husband."

The wife brushed the tears from her cheeks as she spoke and left the room, and in a few moments she returned bearing in her hand a small book. There was a bright smile upon her fair face, and husband looked upon her with her astonishment.

"Here my husband," she said, stepping to his side and placing the book in his hand, at the same time winding her arm about his neck, "if you carry that to the bank they will give you three hundred and seventy-five dollars for it."

"Three hundred and seventy-five dollars!" repeated the astounded man, hardly crediting the evidence of his own senses.

"Yes, Anson," returned the wife, sinking into her husband's lap. "That is money that I have been laying up during the last three years."

"You laid it up, Linnie! But where could you have got it?"

"You gave it to me yourself to spend for *trifles*. You know I have claimed my share of such money. Do not blame me, Anson; but I feared that you did not attach sufficient importance to the aggregate of the small sums you were almost daily spending. Once or twice I would have remonstrated, but you could not be made easily to see it. I was but a young girl, and I feared to set up against my husband, so I resorted to this means of proving my position. O, my dear husband, you cannot know what sweet pleasure I experience in finding that my experiment has been the means of such good."

"If your pleasure is equal to mine, then you must be happy indeed," exclaimed Anson, as he drew his fond wife to his bosom. "God bless you, Linnie, and make me able to repay you for this. Now I see to whom you have owed the little debts you have sometimes contracted, and which I have helped you to pay."

"Yes," returned Linnie with a smile. "It was to you I owed them. And yet," she added, with a meaning look, and in a lower tone of voice, "I have not drawn quite so much from the *amusement fund* as——"

"Hush, Linnie. I know I have spent more than I was aware of, but my eyes are open now, and I see it all."

"And you do not blame me for what I have done?"

"Blame you!" exclaimed Anson, imprinting a warm kiss upon his wife's brow. "Let my future course show you how fondly you are cherished, and how faithfully I will be guided by your judgment.

On the next day Anson Kimball paid off those who would have sold his stock, and he had the pleasure of tearing his two notes in pieces. He spent no more money foolishly, and as he found the products of his labor beginning to gather in his hands his home grew brighter and his enjoyments were increased. By steady degrees he arose to a position of honorable affluence, but through all his successes he never lost sight of the gratitude he owed to the gentle, faithful being who had first opened his eyes to a knowledge of the secret of success, and saved him from pecuniary disgrace. He was an honored and respected man, but he felt that he owed it all to his Wife's Forethought.

TO TELL IF YOUNG PEOPLE ARE IN LOVE.—See if they relish salt pork; if they do, you can consider them convalescent.

From the N. Y. National Democrat.

1776 and 1853.

This is a fast age. We live at locomotive speed. A century of life is crowded into a year. The last seventy years almost equal in rapid development of the race, any previous thousand years of the world's history. A distinguished writer in the cause of Liberty, in the Revolution, in surveying our country's future, then attempted to be choked to death, by the red hand of British monarchy, said in effect, "Never since the time of Noah, hath a people been placed in our position. The future is in our hands, and we have *to begin the business of the world anew*."—Nobly has our country fulfilled this saying of the prophetic writer of the Revolution. Let '76 and '53 stand face to face for a moment, and the world will be struck dumb by the miracle of contrast which they present. Or, so bring the matter home more palpably, suppose Washington risen from his grave, for a little while, and enthroned on the highest peak of the Alleghanies, surveying as with a supernatural scope of vision, THE LAND, from ocean to ocean, from nothern snows to the Gem of the Antilles.—What a contrast to the days of '76 would meet the gaze of the great man! In '76 the United States consisted of 13 colonies, pent up between the Alleghanies and the Atlantic, with a population of barely three millions, struggling for life itself against the most powerful—the most brutal monarchy of the age.

In 1853, the United States consists of thirty-one great Republics, cemented in indissoluble union, with a population of twenty-five million; her vast teritory fronts alike towards the rising and the setting sun, the Atlantic and the Pacific are her eastern and western boundaries, they are not settled yet; by no means finished; Destiny will take care of them. Washington risen from his tomb and surveying the land from the topmost height, need not let his vision be checked by either Niagara Falls or the Gulf of Mexico; there is a great deal of *United States yet to come*, beyond gulf and cataract. Niagara will yet sing the hymn of a Republican continent. Call up Franklin, and let him contrast the industrial resources of '76 with '53. We can imagine the state of wonder which would light up his hearty, good-humored face.

In his day, one John Fitch, and the unextinguishable laughter of a crowd of merchants and other respectable people assembled on a Philadelphia wharf, tried the expriment of propelling a boat by the force of steam. In his day, also, Oliver Evans, another madman of the Fitch stamp, amid the pity or contempt of all men of common sense, tried to propel a wagon on the Lancaster 'pike, (near Philadelphia,) by the force of steam,—succeeded, too,—but was set down as a mere theorist and dreamer by all practical men. Well; Doctor, look over the land, now!—The Continent is net-worked with iron ways. The Locomtive is heard everywhere,—it is never silent, from the cataract to the Gulf. And the Hudson, the Ohio, the Mississippi, the ocean in the east, and the ocean in the west, send up night and day, the smoke of the steamboat to Heaven; the very steamboat, Doctor, which John Pitch, in imperfect form, tried one day on the Delaware river, and in minature, upon the New York Kolch.

From the Aroostook to the Bay of San Francisco, Doctor, the steam-engine—dumb matter fired into strong, terrible life, at the command of science—never rests, not for an hour, nay, not for a moment, out of the twenty-four. Through the still night you hear its mighty breathings; its fires rise through the darkness from ocean to ocean; its iron tramp is never still upon iron ways; and upon river and sea, its hoarse anthem never dies. But, as if this was not enough, Doctor—as if steam was not fast enough for this hurrying age—here comes the *Ericsson*, gliding up New York Bay, with its new motor, destined to dethrone steam, even as steam annihilated the stage coaches, lumbering wagons and snail-like moving hand-labor of '76.

Suppose that Franklin has learned nothing since his transit to another sphere, (and if the rapping utterances which the mentebank supernaturalists put in Franklin's mouth, be true, he has sadly gone back in every respect,) let us imagine him, risen from his grave, and confronted with Nineteenth Century Ericsson. How the great Doctor would open his eyes, as he found himself on board the Ericsson, gliding down the Bay of New York, and with the inventor of the new motor by his side, explaining in plain terms the features of his invention! Put Franklin and Ericsson side by side and two centuries look wonder-struck on each other's face. Not the expansion of territory, alone, nor the increase of population, nor yet the miraculous advance of all industrial interests, nor even yet, the wondrous life, given by science to dumb machinery, would excite the surprise of Washington and Franklin, could they come back into our world.

The greatest wonder of all, would be the great progress which the People,—the masses—have made since the era of the crossing of the Delaware. Then, the masses wore a distinctive dress, which set them apart from the wealthy class, and wrote serfdom on their very externals; they were ridden down by odious law, gathered from the charnel house of the past, such as Imprisonment for Debt, and other fragments of the legal Moloch of the red and black ages;—now, the masses are men, and not serfs or machines, and they have risen into full manhood, with the fragments of many an infernal law, trampled firmly under foot. Now, the massess know no such word as "Go-back!" in their upward march; their future is in the care of a benign Destiny, and all-paternal God.

It is a good thought, and full of consolation for every lover of his kind, that despite of all the clouds that have lowered upon our country for the last seventy years—despite the thousand obstacles which have from time to time blockaded the pathway of the people—yet still, "the world does move!" and the Destiny of the Country and the People cannot go back, but must inevitably march onward. The next seventy years will tell the story.

From the Musical World and Times.

Father Taylor, the Sailor's Preacher.

YOU have never heard FATHER TAYLOR, the Boston Seaman's preacher?—Well—you should go down to his church some Sunday. It is not at the court-end of the town. The urchins in the neighborhood are guiltless of shoes or bonnets. You will see quite a sprinkling of "Police" at the corners. Green Erin, too, is well represented: with a dash of Africa—checked off with "dough faces."

Let us go into the church: there are no stained-glass windows—no richly draperied pulpit—no luxurious seats to suggest a nap to your sleepy conscience. No odor of patchouli, or *nonpareil*, or *bouquet de violet* will be wafted across your patrician nose. Your satin and broadcloth will fail to procure you the highest seat in the synagogue,—they being properly reserved for the "old salts."

Here they come! one after another, with horny palms and bronzed faces. It stirs my blood, like the sound of a trumpet, to see them. The seas they have crossed! the surging billows they have breasted! the lonely, dismal, weary nights they have kept watch!—the harpies in port who have assailed their generous sympathies! the sullen plash of the sheeted dead in its vast ocean sepulchre!—what stirring thoughts and emotions do their weather-beaten faces call into play!—God bless the sailor!—Here they come; sure of a welcome—conscious that they are no intruders on aristocratic landsmens soil—sure that each added face will send a thrill of pleasure to the heart of the good old man, who folds them all, as one family, to his patriarchal bosom.

There he is! How reverently he drops on his knee and utters that silent prayer. Now he is on his feet. With a quick motion he adjusts his spectacles, and says to the tardy tar, doubtful of a berth, "Room here, brother!" pointing to a seat *in the pulpit*. Jack don't know about *that!* He can climb the rigging when Boreas whistles his fiercest blast: he can swing into the long boat with a stout heart, when creaking timbers have parted beneath him: but to mount the pulpit!—Jack doubts his qualifications, and blushes through his mask of bronze.—"Room enough, brother!" again re-assures him; and, with a little extra fumbling at his tarpaulin and hitching at his waistband, he is soon as much at home as tho' he were on his vessel's deck.

The hymn is read with a *heart-tone*.—There is no mistaking either the poet's meaning or the reader's devotion. And now, if you have a 'scientific musical ear,' (which, thank heaven, I have not,) you may criticise the singing, while I am not ashamed of the tears that steal down my face, as I mark the effect of good *Old Hundred* (minus trills and flourishes) on Neptunes honest, hearty, whole-souled sons.

—The text is announced. There follows no arrangement of dickeys, or bracelets, or eyeglasses. You forget your ledger and the fashions, the last prima donna, and that your neighbor is not one of the "upper ten," as you fix your eye (with me) on that good old man, and are swept away from worldly moorings by the flowing tide of his simple, earnest eloquence. You marvel that these uttered truths of his, never struck your thoughtless mind before. My pen fails to convey to you the play of expression on that earnest face—those emphatic gestures—the starting tear or the thrilling voice;—but they all tell on "Jack."

And now an infant is presented for baptism. The pastor takes it on one arm. O, surely he is himself a father, else it would not be poised so gently. Now he holds it up, that all may view its dimpled beauty, and says: "Is there one here who doubts, should this child die to-day, its right among the blessed?" One murmured spontaneous *No!* bursts from Jacks' lips, as the baptismal drops lave its sinless temples. Lovingly the little lamb is folded, with a kiss and a blessing, to the heart of the earthly shepherd, ere the maternal arms receive it.

Jack looks on and weeps! and how can he help weeping! *He* was once as pure as that blessed innocent! His *mother*—the sod now covers her—often invoked heaven's blessing on *her son*; and well he remembers the touch of her gentle hand and the sound of her loving voice as she murmured the imploring prayer for him, and how has her sailor boy redeemed his youthful promise? He dashes away his scalding tears, with his horny palm; but, please God, that Sabbath—that scene—shall be a talisman upon which memory shall ineffaceably inscribe,

"Go and sin no more."

FANNY FERN.